

## A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.  
Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son of a Toy," etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE NEER-DO-WELL.

The powerful locomotive which drew the long freight-train came to a sudden stop. Something in the nature of a spasm, so human was it, communicated itself from car to car, and each in turn ceased to move. The jar awakened Rossiter, outstretched upon the top of some boxes and bales, from a heavy sleep, and on opening his eyes and finding himself encompassed by a breathless tropical blackness he did not for an instant realize where he was. He put out his hand and encountered the boards of the car-roof just above his head. Then he recalled his whereabouts. He was reeking with sweat, for the atmosphere of the confined space was stifling.

All day the pitiless September sun had blazed in a coppery heaven; all day the parched earth had given back to the sky the fumes of heat; and yet Rossiter had clung to his overcoat, and in the first place because with every revolution of the wheels he was carried nearer to his destination, and in the second place because he could not easily descend from the train while it was in motion. Half a loaf of bread and a few dry cookies had served to quiet the gnawings of hunger, while two wizened lemons had in a measure allayed the pangs of thirst. But now he sought in vain for the last precious bit of fruit which he had intended to keep against this time of need. The jolting of the car had evidently caused his treasure to roll from the spot where he had placed it with such care. Uttering an exclamation of disappointment, he dragged himself a few feet and placed his lips to a crack in the side of the car, through which he drank eagerly great draughts of the partially cooled night air. As he was about to resume his former position he inhaled a heavy waft of engine smoke.

"The devil," he ejaculated. "This is more than I can stand!"

He seized his little bundle of clothes and worked his way over the bales and boxes to the door. For a time he feared that he was hopelessly a prisoner, as the obstinate barrier to his escape would not budge. The perspiration streamed from his forehead into his eyes, and his hair was as wet as though he had soured his head in water. He had taken stock of the fastenings when he had stowed himself away at Cleveland, but he was discovering that an easy entrance into a freight car packed with merchandise that has space enough to shift slightly does not necessarily mean an easy exit.

At length, after several sharp cracks of remonstrance, the door gave sufficiently to allow him to squeeze his body through. He cast a glance up and down the adjoining track and then leaped down. As his feet crunched upon the cinders someone sprang from the next car to the top of the one he had just quitted. It was a brakeman.

"You damn tramp!" he shouted, and raised his hand as though about to hurl a missile.

Rossiter ran, dodging as he went, but nothing save a harsh guffaw followed from the door of the next car.

"Sold, Johnny!" bellowed the brakeman; "but I can tell ye if I'd had a hunk of coal, ye'd have got it him in the back!"

Just then, with a long series of jerks, the train started. An electric light beyond the tracks threw the gesticulating figure on the car top into strong outline for a moment, and his pose held Rossiter's attention, but the effect was quickly spoiled by the onward movement of the train. Rossiter now turned to survey his surroundings. The sputtering electric light told him that he was in a town of considerable size. Above the rumbling car several large buildings loomed blackly. Behind him the ground sloped sharply to a stream, which he could not see on account of a white vapor which hung over it. At his left was a bridge, and as he examined this, and the ugly frame structures which lined the street towards which it led, a sense of familiarity gave him the swift thrill of surprise.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "Wonder if it is?"

He wheeled to the right and regarded a long freight house and a tall pile capped by a huge sign, the letters upon which he vainly strove to distinguish. A puzzled expression crossed his face, and he waited impatiently for the caboose of the freight train to pass. At length the tracks were clear. A few rods away, on one side of a small square, the lights of a hotel twinkled through the branches of a row of elm trees. Directly opposite was a railway station, a short distance from which a freight and accommodation train was about pulling out.

"Illia, by Jove!" cried Rossiter. "Well, if this isn't curious!" and his mind went back a dozen years to the June day when he had last set foot in the quiet city on the banks of the Mohondaga. Then he was a thoughtless youth fresh from college, full of a youth's dreams, not without ambition—and now—well, his present status was not one to be contemplated with pride, nor did the vista down which he looked in retrospect afford him many gleams of satisfaction. He was wont to tell himself at times that he had had hard luck, but when he faced the cold truth he knew in his innermost soul that luck had played no part whatever in his descent of the ladder of respectability. Never more clearly than at this moment, amid surroundings long ago familiar, did he realize what an utter wreck he had made of his life. But he put on the devil-may-care air he was at intervals accustomed to assume, and carelessly crossed the tracks in the direction of the station.

"What hour can it be?" he mut-

tered. "Rather late, I judge, by the fact that there are so few people about."

There was a man standing in the open station door-way whom Rossiter took, from his dress, to be either a ticket agent or conductor. He had his watch in his hand.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me the time?" Rossiter asked.

The railroad man opened his lips as though he were about to answer, but as he glanced at his questioner, astonishment seemed to choke his utterance. He looked Rossiter up and down, and finally let his eyes rest upon the vagrant's countenance, covered with a ten days' growth of beard, the forehead grimy and streaked with perspiration, the hair hanging in greasy elf-locks from beneath a torn cap.

"Well, if you ain't a beauty!" he exclaimed, with an amused chuckle.

Rossiter's hand went up to his face as he moved on. He searched his pockets for what served him as a handkerchief, pulled it out, and mopped his forehead, cheeks, and neck. Then he paused an instant and endeavored to smooth his hair a trifle, but without much success. The man's words had affected him more than such a speech would usually have done. He had received too many kicks and cuffs and onths to heed the words of a stranger.

"I wonder if I could get a chance to pick?" he queried.

"Gosh, yes!" said the saloon-keeper, "plenty o' chance if ye kept sober."

Rossiter made some additional inquiries in regard to the matter of the saloon-keeper suggested that he guessed he'd shut up, the vagrant took his bundle from the bar and sought the street.

"I might try it," he mused as he strolled aimlessly in the direction of the station. "I'll see how it strikes me in the morning."

Reaching the railway tracks, he halted for a moment in indecision. The station was closed, so it was useless to attempt to get an hour or two of rest upon one of the seats under the plea that he was waiting for a train. Turning to the left, he walked parallel with the tracks for more than three score of paces, crossed a deserted street, and descended directly in front of him a freight house, along all sides of which a platform extended. On the side towards the railway some freight cars were standing upon a switch. He gained the platform and began trying the doors of these cars. They were all securely fastened, however, so he slipped down between one of them and the platform, beneath which he groped his way till he found where some chips and sweepings had been thrown. Here he arranged his bundle for a pillow, stretched himself out, and was soon calmly slumbering. Night-long near him darkened express trains were rushing by or began to slacken speed with a hiss of steam and a grating of wheels, but they disturbed him not, and when the breezeless dawn began to break he was still sleeping as peacefully as though his bed were one of luxury.

### CHAPTER II.

#### ON THE BANKS OF THE MOHONDAGA.

Rossiter's rest was broken the next morning by the rattle and creak of a hand-truck on the boards above his head. Through the open space between the ground and the floor of the freight car just in front of him he could see the sunlight gleaming upon the rails, and so knew that it was broad day. Commonly, on awakening, he was in no haste to be stirring, but on this occasion he displayed an unusual activity. Almost as soon as he realized that the wonted round of busy men had begun, he sat up, shook the dirt from his bundle and from his clothes, and crept from his shelter.

Crawling under the freight car, so that no one about the freight house should see him and suspect him of mischief, he stepped off briskly rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

The air was still fresh with the cool of the dawn, but the sun was peering clear and red through the haze that curtains the heavens, and there was every indication of another sweltering day. On glancing along the street upon which the freight house stood, Rossiter noted, not far distant, a large sign extending over the sidewalk. "Stabling" was the word which, years previous, had been traced upon it. As Rossiter drew near the sign he beheld a wide gate which gave entrance to a yard of considerable extent in the rear of a second or third-class hotel. Upon the yard a long shed opened and likewise a capacious barn. In the center of the barn door-way a hostler was leisurely grooming a horse. Towards this man the vagrant advanced.

"Can I get a job?" asked he, as he came within speaking distance. "I'd be willing to work for a bit of breakfast."

The hostler paused, curiously, in one hand, brush in the other.

"Know anything about a horse?" he demanded, surveying the applicant with considerable doubt.

"Yes," said Rossiter, "something."

"Let's see."

The vagabond dropped his bundle, and the man relinquished currying and brush to him.

"You'll do," he said presently. "I giss ye kin earn yer breakfast all right enough." He moved away, and Rossiter heard him cleaning stalls. Then he climbed to the loft and began pitching down hay. After a little he descended and soon appeared leading another horse.

"That'll do for the bay," he said, "try yer hand on this 'un."

[To Be Continued.]

### Transportation Facilities.

Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, a journalist, and one of the wisest men of the Jewish race in Germany, once criticized King Ludwig's verses so sharply that he was ordered, says House-

hold Words, to quit Munich within 24 hours.

The court chamberlain waited upon the journalist with the king's command, and, having delivered it, considerably asked:

"Do you think that you can get away in that time?"

"Yes, I think so," Saphir said, "but if my own legs can't take me quick enough, I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his majesty's last volume of verse."

## TWO SIGNALS.

There are two serious signals of black ill-luck.

The first signal comes from the back with numerous aches and pains.

The second signal comes in the kidney secretions, the urine is thin and pale or too highly colored and showing "brick-dust-like" deposit.

Urination is infrequent, too frequent or excessive. You should heed these danger signals before chronic complications set in—Dropsy, Bright's disease, Take Doan's Kidney Pills in time and the cure is simple.

J. F. Wainwright, of the firm of Bones & Wainwright, painters and contractors, Pulaski, Va., says: "Four or five times a year for the past few years I have suffered with severe attacks of pain in my back, caused from kidney trouble. During these spells I was in such misery from the constant pain and aching that it was almost impossible for me to stoop or straighten, and it really seemed as if the whole small of my back had given away. At times I also had difficulty with the kidney secretions which were discolored, irregular and scalding, and I was also greatly distressed with headaches and dizziness. I used a number of recommended remedies but I never found anything so successful as Doan's Kidney Pills. When I heard of them I had an attack and procured a box of them. In a few days the pain and lameness disappeared, the trouble with the kidney secretions was corrected and my system was improved generally. I have every confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Wainwright will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

## WE WANT YOUR TRADE

You can buy of us at wholesale prices and save money.

Our 1,000-page catalogue tells the story. We will send it upon receipt of 15 cents. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you?

Montgomery Ward & Co.

CHICAGO

The house that tells the truth.

## What Uncle Reuben Says:

It was Deacon White, of our church, who was going to sell his new animal and price to be benefited heathen of Africa, but he was saved da trouble by some benighted heathen of America stealin' de animal an' a wheelbarrow to boot.—Detroit Free Press.

## Precious Girls.

Beryl—Yes, I know the count is very sincere in his attentions to me. How can you say he is a trifle?

Sibyl—I know that he loves you, dear, and that is why I say he pays undue attention to trifles.—Baltimore Herald.

## Pleasures of City Life.—First Dame—

"How do you like the new neighborhood into which you have moved?" Second Dame—"It's perfectly lovely. I don't know a soul within a mile."—N. Y. Weekly.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The fellow who sits down and waits for his relations to come and find out that they are worth their wait in gold.—Philadelphia Record.

Respectability is not conferred by wealth alone.—Chicago Journal.

## THE WINTER BUG'S REVENGE.

Retaliates Upon a Frying Entomologist Who Pokes into His Family History.

An alarming state of affairs exists in a Michigan town, where a scientist—and an entomologist at that—has been bitten by a bug. If there is any one whom one would imagine a bug would respect it would be an entomologist, for he spends his life in the uplifting of the bug species; but it seems not, says the St. Paul Globe. This, however, is an exaggerated case, as the scientist in question went all the way to Michigan from Washington to study into the habits and haunts of the winter bug, and it was the winter bug that bit him. He was bitten on the chin and soon lapsed into a semi-conscious condition, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether he will ever be able again to engage in the pleasant occupation of chasing bugs. It was undoubtedly a bug that was not inoculated with the modern spirit of scientific investigation that bit the professor; it resented anybody prying into its manner of living and decided no assistance until it was asked for. It can be fairly said that it was the very best bite of the winter bug, and it is to be hoped that the summer bug is of a kinder nature and knows a little more about modern science as she is now worked.

## A Genuine Glitch.

"You cannot possibly escape me," he said, and with folded arms as he looked at him with disdainful defiance in his glance. "I know you are beautiful and I am poor; that you are wealthy and I am homely; that you are good and I am as bad as any one could imagine. Yet as there is a really decent, deserving fellow after you, and as we are characters in a decent novel, he shall be thrown over and his heart shattered, and I shall win you at the last. There is no help for it—there is no help for it. I am the real hero, though it is all a huge farce to me. Seeing the force of his logic, and wishing to save the author a lot of agony and the readers a lot of suspense and hard work, she surrendered, hateful as the task appeared to her—Baltimore American.

## Little, But Terrible.

It will astonish the victims of the grip to learn that the bacillus of that dread disease is only one-sixteenth of an inch in length and about one-eighth of an inch in width. The general impression during the prevailing epidemic has been that the bacillus must be of the size of a sea serpent.—St. Louis Republic.

## Preferred to Be Alive.

Cholly—Charming widow, isn't she? They say she is to marry again.

Algy—I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband.

Wally—I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first, doncherknow.—London Tit-Bits.

"What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked the man who smelled of bay rum. "Court plaster, usually," replied the nervous chap, gloomily.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

## THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, April 16.

CATTLE—Beef steers ..... \$4.70 to \$5.00

Native steers ..... 2.50 to 3.00

HOGS—Butchers ..... 5.00 to 5.50

Sheep ..... 5.00 to 5.50

WHEAT—No. 2 hard ..... 68 1/2 to 69 1/2

Do. No. 2 red ..... 68 1/2 to 69 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

RYE—No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

WHEAT—Hard winter pat. No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

Soft winter patents ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

HAY—Timothy ..... 14.00 to 15.00

Prairie ..... 13.00 to 14.00

BRAN ..... 10.00 to 11.00

BUTTER—Fancy extra ..... 19.00 to 20.00

EGGS ..... 11.00 to 12.00

POTATOES—Home grown ..... 15.00 to 16.00

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Beef steers ..... 3.50 to 4.00

HOGS—Butchers ..... 4.50 to 5.00

Sheep ..... 4.00 to 4.50

WHEAT—No. 2 hard ..... 70 1/2 to 71 1/2

Do. No. 2 red ..... 70 1/2 to 71 1/2

OATS—No. 2 ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

RYE—No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

WHEAT—Hard winter pat. No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

Soft winter patents ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

HAY—Timothy ..... 14.00 to 15.00

Prairie ..... 13.00 to 14.00

BRAN ..... 10.00 to 11.00

BUTTER—Fancy extra ..... 19.00 to 20.00

EGGS ..... 11.00 to 12.00

POTATOES—Home grown ..... 15.00 to 16.00

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Beef steers ..... 4.50 to 5.00

HOGS—Mixed and butchers ..... 7.50 to 8.00

Sheep ..... 6.00 to 6.50

WHEAT—No. 2 hard ..... 70 1/2 to 71 1/2

Do. No. 2 red ..... 70 1/2 to 71 1/2

OATS—No. 2 ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

RYE—No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

WHEAT—Hard winter pat. No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

Soft winter patents ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

HAY—Timothy ..... 14.00 to 15.00

Prairie ..... 13.00 to 14.00

BRAN ..... 10.00 to 11.00

BUTTER—Fancy extra ..... 19.00 to 20.00

EGGS ..... 11.00 to 12.00

POTATOES—Home grown ..... 15.00 to 16.00

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Beef steers ..... 4.00 to 4.50

HOGS ..... 7.00 to 7.50

Sheep ..... 6.00 to 6.50

WHEAT—No. 2 ..... 85 1/2 to 86 1/2

CORN—No. 2 ..... 31 1/2 to 32 1/2

OATS—No. 2 ..... 31 1/2 to 32 1/2

RYE—No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

WHEAT—Hard winter pat. No. 2 ..... 35 1/2 to 36 1/2

Soft winter patents ..... 32 1/2 to 33 1/2

HAY—Timothy ..... 14.00 to 15.00

Prairie ..... 13.00 to 14.00

BRAN ..... 10.00 to 11.00

BUTTER—Fancy extra ..... 19.00 to 20.00

EGGS ..... 11.00 to 12.00

POTATOES—Home grown ..... 15.00 to 16.00

THE MEN AND WOMEN

Who Enjoy the Choicest Products of the World's Commerce.

Knowledge of What Is Best More Important Than Wealth Without It.

It must be apparent to every one that qualities of the highest order are necessary to enable the best of the products of modern commerce to attain permanently to universal acceptance. However loudly heralded, they may not hope for world-wide preeminence unless they meet with the general approval of not individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting, enjoying and learning the real worth of the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well informed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most perfect order and the combination the most excellent of its kind. The above is true not of food products only, but is especially applicable to medicinal agents and articles of luxury. Syrup of Figs is an excellent remedy, Syrup of Figs is everywhere accepted, throughout the world, as the best of family laxatives. Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants known to act most beneficially on the system and presented in the form of a pleasant and refreshing liquid, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. Ask any physician who is well informed and he will answer at once that it is an excellent laxative. If at all eminent in his profession, he has made a special study of laxatives and their effects upon the system he will tell you that it is the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and does not cause the general approval of not individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting, enjoying and learning the real worth of the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well informed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most perfect order and the combination the most excellent of its kind. The above is true not of food products only, but is especially applicable to medicinal agents and articles of luxury. Syrup of Figs is an excellent remedy, Syrup of Figs is everywhere accepted, throughout the world, as the best of family laxatives. Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants known to act most beneficially on the system and presented in the form of a pleasant and refreshing liquid, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. Ask any physician who is well informed and he will answer at once that it is an excellent laxative. If at all eminent in his profession, he has made a special study of laxatives and their effects upon the system he will tell you that it is the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and does not cause the

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